

5000, YA
WANNA
DO IT?

SASSY!
sassyfrass circus #3

i could
do this!

comix

HONKY TONK
MUSIC!

CHOCOLATE

CLOTHES

FOUCAULT
BUTLER
EFFEBIUS

Jenna b. 22

super-sloppy
shading,
sorry!

COCKS

SEX

CUNTS!

college!

only have time
to draw at
2 AM bags

Lots of
COFFEE

RED hot
LIPSTICK

AND
CIGARETTES
DUH.

bootay

SEXY

bootay

bootay

IN VARIOUS STAGES



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pp. 781, F

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Telegraph. Re
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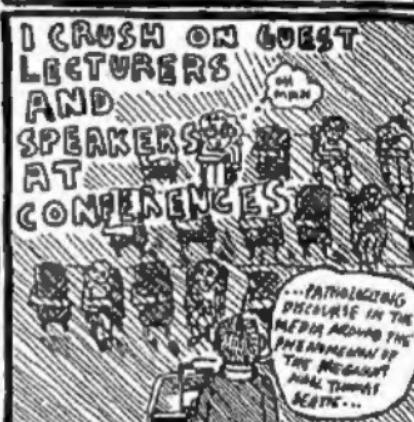
JENNA B. © 11.20.2008

HOME BREWED WINES
BEERS

Mo

wants a f
6 or 7000
id. Then
to build
its own 1
or more. Study their habits. You will find interestin
g information. Price 25c. SPECIAL TURTLE FOOD Recipe

for helping the American Society for Organ Transplantation
and dialysis with all patients. POSTAGE 25c



I LIKE TO LISTEN TO
OLD SONGS ABOUT
HEART-
BREAK



AND POST MISSED
CONNECTIONS
ON CRAIGSLIST

ME: CALAMITY JANE IN TRAIN CONDUCTOR
OVERALLS WITH A SKETCHBOOK
YOU: LUKE THE DRIFTER IN GARNERS WITH
THE TRANARCHY PATCH
LET'S TRADE KNOWING LOONS ON THE
METRO AGAIN SOMETIME!



IT'S NOT THAT I DON'T
HAVE LOVE IN MY LIFE



OR THAT I'M NOT
HAPPY WITH MY LIFE
THE WAY IT IS.



IT'S JUST...
A DIFFERENT KIND
OF LONESOME



LET'S ENACT AGENCY
TOGETHER (WASH. DC)

QUEER THEORY NERD WITH A
SOFT SPOT FOR PRE-1960S
AMERICAN CULTURE, COMICS,
AND BUTCHES SEEKS COWBOY
WITH ACADEMIC BOOKISH
SENSIBILITIES TO RIDE OFF
INTO THE SUNSET WITH.
JUST YOU, ME, AND
MICHAEL WARNER.
MUST LOVE BLUES.

Karen V.
7.22.09

Super Fire



LA JAIL
FACES

DETROIT
THREE

WORLD
WEEKLY

NET
WEEKLY

NEW YORK
WEEKLY

LOVE
WEEKLY

WESTERN
WEEKLY

Unmapped.

a love/hate letter to the District in which we discuss queer politics, the ubiquity of Google, and an astonishing number of gorillas.

By Hunky Cat

So my dad was using Google street view to find his old house in Philadelphia, where he grew up in the 1960s. Like most things that Google does, street view is kind of cool and kind of creepy. They gather the images from an unmarked van with this bizarre apparatus on top that has multiple lenses sticking out of it to get a panoramic ground level view. It just rolls down the street real slowly, constantly taking pictures of everything. I've never seen it, but that's what he told me. Anyway, so he was looking at his old house, and he saw this big object sitting on the curb outside of it. He zoomed in closer, felt a twang of recognition and then disbelief. Turns out it was the stereo that his parents had bought in 1953 and left in the house for the next owners to use after they moved out, the same stereo on which he'd listened to his first ever Beatles record on his sixteenth birthday. Whoever lives in the house now must have gotten sick of it and decided to throw it away, on the very same day that good ol' Google Van rolled down the street. My dad hadn't seen the thing in probably 40 years, yet there it was, sitting out on the curb for the whole damn internet to see. He told this to us at the dinner table the other night, my mom, my

TEN STORY GRACCHUS



NY
WEEKLY

GLOBE
WEEKLY

DEFECT
WEEKLY

MAN
WEEKLY

STROLIC
WEEKLY

POPULAR
PORTS

two brothers, my sister in law and I. "There's a very limited number of people I could tell this story to who would care," he said. "So you guys get to hear it." We laughed at that, but I think it's a pretty great story anyway. I mean, what the hell, internet? What the hell.

Meanwhile, some wildlife researcher dudes just found approximately 125,000 endangered western lowland gorillas in a small, isolated part of the Northern Republic of Congo. Not only is that an extremely large number of gorillas, it's MORE THAN DOUBLE the number of western lowland gorillas previously thought to exist in the ENTIRE WORLD. Think about that for a minute. I mean, we're not talking about butterflies or mice or some kind of wee little creatures that no one really cares about. Gorillas are fucking huge, and scientists love gorillas. They are (were?) listed as critically endangered, which is the highest possible threat category for a species. And now it turns out they only knew about HALF of them. These guys trekked on foot through the mud for three days to this remote-ass jungle 50 miles from the nearest road, on a tip they got from some hunters. "We found an astonishing amount of gorillas," said researcher Hugo Rainey. Yes you did, Hugo. I mean, what the hell? My dad can go to a popular website and look at the picture some Macbook nerd took of his parent's stereo sitting on the curb of his childhood home, and yet there's an entire swath of lowlands over in the Congo filled with 125,000 hulking, endangered apes that no one's fucking noticed for the last however many centuries people have been taking note of such things. Even putting aside the obviously lopsided and spotty

development of information technology systems across the landscape of postcolonial African nations, this says something about our world today. The full breadth of the statement isn't exactly clear to me yet, but one thing's for sure: even though Google is developing its own uber creepy brand of satellites that can read your license plate from space, THEY CAN'T SEE ALL THE GORILLAS YET, AND THAT MAKES ME FEEL AWESOME FOR SOME REASON.

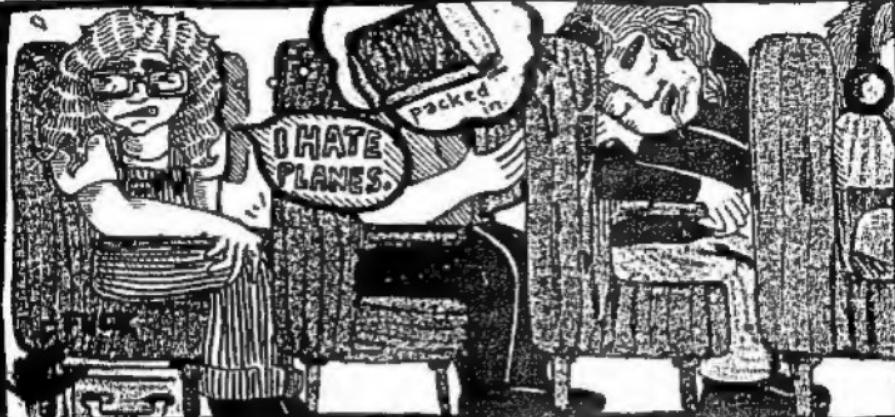
I mean, it's stifling how much the powers that be know about you, about us, about everything. It's fucking scary and it's wrong. They know a lot. But they don't know everything, and I forget that sometimes. And I also forget that there's so much that we don't know, that we haven't discovered, that we haven't even begun to imagine. And that's kind of scary too, all of that potential brewing around in our brains and our hearts and out in the world, because who knows what's going to come of it. But sometimes it's really goddamn refreshing to remember that wherever it is we're going, no one's ever gone there before. There's a whole world inside of you that I haven't even begun to explore. There's tons of shit I don't even know about myself, much less about this strange, huge, beautiful, fucked up world.

So this city: Dead City, Ghost Town, the Heart of Empire, the Belly of the Beast, whatever you want call it, it's hard on us and we all know it. And it gives us the feeling that there's this path laid out that we're following, and if we veer off it too much we are going to get stern looks and we are not going to get very far.

Well, you know what, fuck that. It's not true. I love you, DC, but I've chosen darkness.

Sincerely yours, Hunky J. Cat

— why is my head so tiny here? this one is big



JAN EGYPT 2009

with
love from
Sallygrace
Circus!
1.23.09

MY DAMN
05 MICRON
PEN JUST
EXPLODED.

I MEANT TO KEEP A TRAVEL JOURNAL OF THE PICTORAL VARIETY WHILE STUDYING ABROAD IN EGYPT OVER WINTER BREAK, BUT I BARELY MANAGED TO KEEP A WRITTEN JOURNAL. THE POST-TRIP ATTEMPT IS GOING JUST SWELL SO FAR.

WE LEFT FROM
DULLES AIRPORT ON
JAN. 2nd

I CAN'T BE
WAIT IN EGYPT!

THE LAST TIME I HAD
BEEN OUT OF THE US WAS
IN THE SUMMER OF 2005...
I WENT TO ISRAEL WITH THE BALTIMORE ZIONIST DISTRICT.

* We flew Delta,
what a shifty airline. They
don't believe in 1st class.

ISRAEL 2005

NOPE, IT'S
NOT THIS
ONE EITHER.

WHERE IS THAT
DAMN JOURNAL?

I LOOKED ALL OVER FOR
THE JOURNAL THAT I
KEPT ON THE BZD TRIP
TO ISRAEL, BUT ALL
I FOUND WAS A
COUPLE OF POEMS I
WRITEN IN THE FALL OF
2005, AFTER I GOT
BACK HOME.



BY 2005, THE SEEDS OF DOUBT IN MY VEHMENTLY
ZIONIST UPBRINGING HAD BEEN FIRMLY PLANTED, BUT I WAS
STILL INVESTED IN A LOT OF THE OLD "A LAND WITHOUT A
PEOPLE FOR A PEOPLE WITHOUT A LAND" PROPAGANDA.

HERE'S AN EXCERPT FROM A
POEM I WROTE WHILE VISITING
THE GOLAN HEIGHTS:

"TATTOOED SURVIVORS
SOWED THESE FIELDS
WITH MINES,
FERTILIZED THEM
WITH YOUNG BLOOD,
AND IN THE DRY SPRING,
THE LAND GAVE BIRTH
TO SUNFLOWERS."

"I AM TERRIFIED THAT
I WILL ARRIVE IN ISRAEL
TO FIND THAT THE
PROMISED LAND IS A
MERE DREAM..."

MORE LIKE A
HUGE LIE.

OH!
HERE'S ONE
FROM BEFORE
I LEFT...





*EXCEPT WHEN I VISIT MY FOLKS; THEN I REVERT BACK TO 2005. :)



AT THE END OF 2008, THE 6 MONTH CEASEFIRE BETWEEN ISRAEL & HAMAS EXPIRED. ON THE 6TH NIGHT OF HANNUKAH, A JEWISH HOLIDAY CELEBRATING THE DEFEAT OF AN OPPRESSIVE OCCUPYING FORCE BY A SMALL GUERILLA ARMY, ISRAEL BEGAN OPERATION CAST LEAD IN THE GAZA STRIP. ~J.B.





IN CAIRO, WE SAW RIOT COPS AND THE TRUCKS USED TO HAUL PROTESTERS TO JAIL ALL OVER THE PLACE. ONE NIGHT WE SAT IN A CAFÉ SMOKING SHEESHA AND WATCHING FOOTAGE OF PROTESTS ALL OVER THE WORLD ON AL-JAZEERA, INCLUDING ONE IN WASHINGTON, DC. SOME OF THE PROTESTERS WERE BURNING ISRAELI FLAGS.



FEB 22, 2009



I HAVEN'T KEPT UP WITH THE POST-TRIP CHRONICLING AS WELL AS I THOUGHT I WOULD.

GOT A FEW PAGES



I EXPECTED TO BE DONE BY NOW, TO HAVE PAGES ABWT GETTING LOST IN ATTABA AND SAILING ON THE NILE. LOTS OF PAGES.



I REMEMBERED A LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS SELLING FLOWERS AND NEEDED BUS FARE. SHE ASKED US FOR MONEY.



C'EST LA GUERRE.



WHILE WE SAT SMOKING HOOKAH AT THE AL-FISHAWI CAFE IN KHAN AL KHALILI.

BOMB IN CAIRO MARKET WORK OF ISLAMIC JIHADISTS RAGED BY EGYPT SIGHTS

On bidding farewell to Bush



Al-Ahram
Newspaper
By Farouk Gueida

Depart in the company of disgrace
The blood of a peaceful people on your hands
Will always haunt your sight
All the young ones lost
In Baghdad's seas of blood
Will remain like a tattoo of disgrace on your forehead
That you can never erase
In Gaza and Gaiilee all the tombstones
Are loaded with explosive rage.
Cursing your ancestors
What remains of the multitude of death
In Baghdad, I ask.
Nothing for you remains
Apart from a miserable end
Among the ruins
As destruction envelopes Gaza,
Black nights are your only witness.
Depart, then, in the company of disgrace,
With no one regretting your departure

LANGUAGE

NUMBERS

Arabic numerals are simple to learn and, unlike the written language, run from left to right. Pay attention to the order of the words in numbers from 21 to 99. When followed by a noun, the pronunciation of *maya* changes to *macer* for the numbers 100 and 300-900, and the noun is always used in its singular form.

QUESTION WORDS

Who?	مَنْ
What?	مَا
When?	مِنْ
Where?	أَيْنَ
How?	كَيْفَ
Which?	مُنْهَى

TIME & DATES

What time is it?	سَوْتِ الْأَنْوَارْ
It's [3] o'clock.	سَوْنَتِ الْأَنْوَارْ
In the morning	صَبَرْتِ الْأَنْوَارْ
In the afternoon	بَلْقَدِ الْأَنْوَارْ
In the evening	بَلْلَفَنِ الْأَنْوَارْ
today	هَذِهِ الْأَنْوَارْ
tomorrow	غَدِ الْأَنْوَارْ
yesterday	لَيْلَةِ الْأَنْوَارْ
day	يَوْمِ الْأَنْوَارْ
month	شَهْرِ الْأَنْوَارْ
week	سَابِقِ الْأَنْوَارْ
year	سَالِ الْأَنْوَارْ
early	بَلْهَنِ الْأَنْوَارْ
late	بَلْلَفَنِ الْأَنْوَارْ
daily	عَادِيَ الْأَنْوَارْ

(Excerpt)

Seven Albums That Got Inside My Noggin When I Was Just A Wee One

Contributed by Armida Lowe, of Armida and Her Imaginary Band
www.myspace.com/armidaandherimaginaryband

When I was very young, my father copied some of his old records onto cassette tapes so we could listen to them in the car. There was one tape that we played so many times, it eventually became warped beyond recognition. Tom Waits's "Closing Time" was on Side 'A,' and Don McLean's "Homeless Brother" was on Side 'B.'

When people ask me who my influences are, as a songwriter, I tend to think about the albums that seared themselves into my subconsciousness during my formative years. Now I'm 21 years old, and these seven albums continue to inspire me.

Tom Waits, Closing Time

On his first album, a young, lovelorn Tom Waits croons barroom ballads and lullabies that reveal a much older soul. The song "Martha" used to make me cry every time I listened to it. Put on this album while you're cruising down the highway at night, and you'll see what I mean.

Don McLean, Homeless Brother

Best known as "the guy who wrote American Pie," Don McLean also composed several albums of beautifully written folk songs. On "Homeless Brother," he tells maddin stories of hobos, Wanderers, and lovers with a good natured sense of humor that is rare among folk singers.

Lyle Lovett, Pontiac

The first time I ever did karaoke, I sang "She's No Lady" from my favorite Lyle Lovett album, "Pontiac." Lovett delivers country songs about jealous lovers and difficult women with the swagger of a jazz musician. Whereas songs like "L.A. County" have a distinct twang reinforced by steel guitar, others, like "Black and Blue," sound like a lounge act, complete with a horn section.

Maria Muldaur, On The Sunny Side

This album was written specifically for children, but unlike a lot of children's music, it doesn't insult the intelligence of its audience. Maria Muldaur lends her sweetly husky voice to old Tin Pan Alley standards, original songs like "Cooking Breakfast For The Ones I Love," and even a cover of Dolly Paxton's "Coat of Many Colors."

Sparky Rucker, A Home In Tennessee

To this day, I still haven't heard a better collection of traditional folk songs than this children's album by Sparky Rucker, which includes old favorites like "Froggy Went A-Courtin'" and "Crawdad." Sparky is a natural storyteller whose jubilant singing voice is instantly endearing. My favorite part of the album comes at the end of Side 'A,' when Sparky's back-up singers shout, "Sparky! It's time to flip the tape over!"

Cliff Edwards, Ukelele Ike

Better known as the voice of Jiminy Cricket in Walt Disney's "Pinnochio," Cliff Edwards was also a prolific vaudevillian and Tin Pan Alley musician. This was my first introduction to the ukulele, and to the theatrical performance style that I later adopted. One of the most interesting features of these recordings is Ike's improvisational "effin" solos, which sound like the human voice imitating a trumpet or kazoo.

Johnny Mercer, V-Disc Recordings. For Our Armed Services Overseas

This out-of-print album features Johnny Mercer singing some of his most popular songs, backed by a full orchestra. Mercer sings with a natural ease and a humor that fits the light-heartedness of these recordings, which were originally intended for American armed forces who were overseas during WWII.



RUBY

WHAT YOU
DONE TO ME

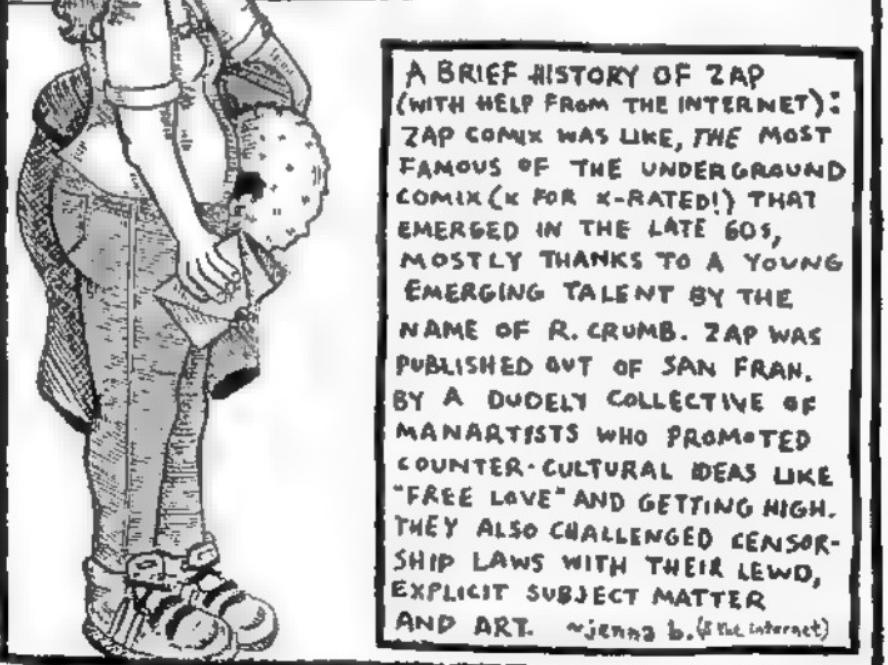
JAN 22.09



TO BE CONTINUED...

YON SASSTY LASS TAKES A VISIT TO THE OLDE LOCAL COMIC BOOK STORE...







jeanne kr. 3-1-89



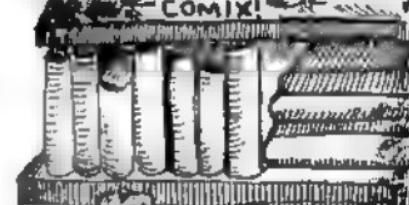


WIMMEN'S COMIX WAS PUBLISHED FROM 1972 TO 1992. THE ORIGINAL COLLECTIVE INCLUDED ONE OF MY HEROES, ALINE KOMINSKY!

LIKE MANY OTHER UNDERGROUNDS,
WIMMEN'S COMIX CONTAINED EXPLICIT, EVEN PORNOGRAPHIC IMAGES AND WIMMEN'S COMIX IN PARTICULAR DEALT WITH SUBJECTS OF WOMEN'S SEXUALITY, LIKE LESBIANISM AND SEX WORK ...

THE ISSUE I FOUND, #7, WAS FROM 1976, THE SAME YEAR Women Against Violence in Pornography and Media (WAVPM) WAS FOUNDED, AND AROUND THE START OF THE FEMINIST SEX WARS. HOW JUICY!

WE FIND OUR HEROINE ONLINE, IN DESPERATE PURSUIT OF MORE WIMMEN'S COMIX!



DAMN, ALL OF THESE ARE LIKE 30 BUCKS EACH! YEAH RIGHT.

TO BE CONTINUED?

Westboro Baptist Church

(WBC Chronicle Since 1955)

3701 SW 12th Street Topeka, Kansas 66604 784-273-8375 www.eadback.org
Religious Outrage and Legal Commentary on Current Events

Saturday, February 28, 2009

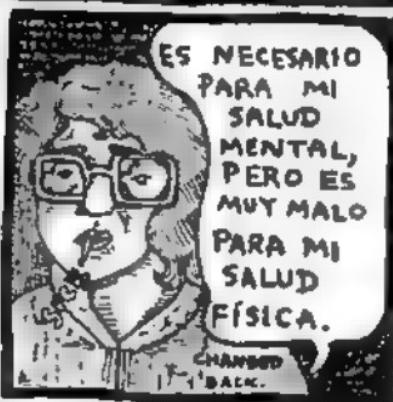
NEWS RELEASE

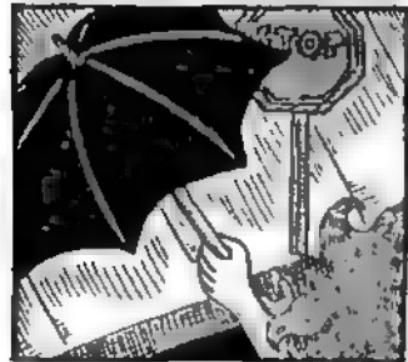
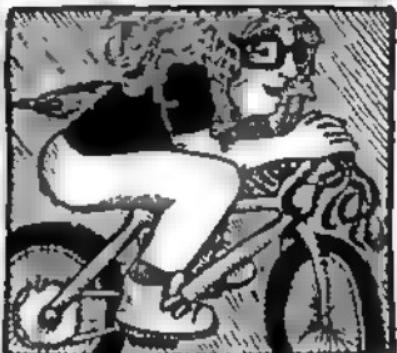
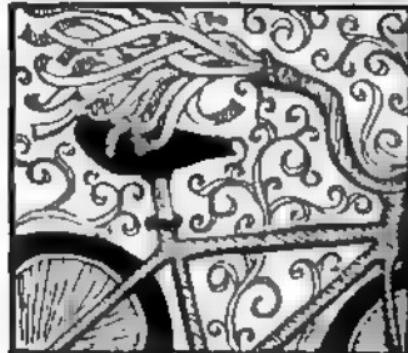
WBC TO PICKET FAG-INFESTED TOWSON HIGH SCHOOL, 69 CEDAR AVE., TOWSON, MARYLAND. MON., MAR. 30, 2:10-2:45 P.M.

Yes. WBC will conduct an educational picket in religious protest and warning; to wit: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked." Gal. 6:7. God Hates Fags! & Fag-Enablers. Ergo, God hates Towson High School, her administrators, faculty, and student body. "Thou shalt not lie with mankind, as with womankind; it is abomination. Neither shalt thou lie with any beast, to defile thyself therewith." Lev. 18:22,23. All fags are "natural brute beasts." 2 Pet. 2:12. Sodomy destroys the life, damages the soul, and shortens the life span otherwise by at least 20 years. Amen.

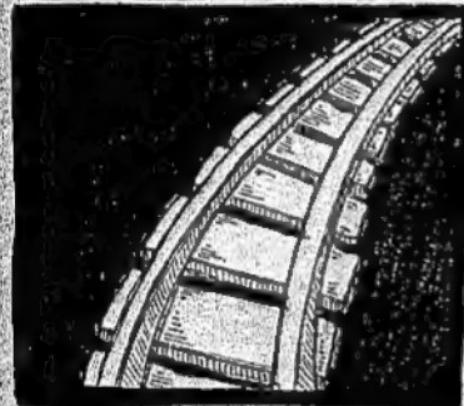
GOD HATES MARYLAND.

↑ I feel an odd sense of pride that Phelps picked my high school to picket!
ERGO! I mean, God does hate Maryland.









This issue of
SASSYFRASS CIRCUS
is dedicated to
MISS ARMIDA LOWE
for playing Don McLean's
"Sail Away Raymond"
over and over at
my request...

and also to
Christina B Hanhardt
for being the best
teacher I've ever had,
making me like school,
and for being a grown-up
who likes my comix.

ON DA E-MAIL
@ JENNA_BRAGER
[AT] GMAIL [DOT] COM

ON DA WEB @
SASSYFRASSCIRCUS.COM

♥ jenna dr.



If I didn't define myself for myself,
I would be crushed into other people's
fantasies for me and eaten alive.

Audre Lorde

don't steal my toons
POR FAVOR.

zine is \$1.50 - 3.00 sliding or trade.

KAWAHEI
PIESPOTOMAC
TRAILIN' PI

WON

NET

NEW YORK
LIVELIVE
LIVEMAIL YOUR COUPON
SHOWGOLF CLAMPING
SHOW

What's My Job?—I Manufacture Weaklings into **MEN!**

GIVE ME a skinny, pale-faced, second-rate
of body—and I'll turn it as full of hand-
some, bulging new muscle that your friends
will grow big-eyed! . . . I'll wake up that
sleeping energy of yours and make it burn like
a high-powered motor! Man, you'll feel and
look different! You'll begin to LIVE!



*Charles
Atlas*

Above: Photograph of the
man who holds the title
"The World's Most Per-
fectly Developed Man."

Let Me Make YOU a NEW MAN —IN JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY!

You wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a weak
weakling, too! I always envied my "strong" girls
friends for their bodies and strength. I was a dog. THEN I dis-
covered the mysterious "Dynamic Tension" system—
and it turned me into a lion! — **THE WORLD'S MOST
PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN!**

There's how I turned in the "dog of bones" for a beast of
steel! And it took no more time, as much or less of the world to re-
make me! Just 15 minutes a day! And I can do it in private, at home, without anyone knowing what I'm doing.
Just 15 minutes a day! — **THE WORLD'S MOST
PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN!**

What Is "Dynamic Tension"? How Does It Work?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, sturdy, Thompson
looking fellow there at 15 min. when you're 25, you'll know I have done it.
Buy a book "Dynamic Tension" by GUY MUSCLE!

"Dynamic Tension" is the rare, NATURAL method you can
discover in the book of your own control—just 15 MINUTES
MUSCLE DAY—while you sleep! It makes you strong, helps you to over-
come all kinds of physical weakness—such as weak ankles, weak legs,
weak spine, body aches to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

One Postage Stamp May Change Your Whole Life!

As I've pictured up above, I'm steadily building muscle
throughout my body—by step-by-step exercise.

I have a special posture and form which enables me to make
the stamp to move for me. **FINE LINE** is the name I give to read and re-
read thousands of books I'm building up strong, healthy, sound body to
keep-things going—just 15 minutes a day!

MAINTAINER

Take just a few seconds NOW to fill in and mail the
postcard, and you will receive it and find the
same results I have. You'll be stronger, healthier, more energetic,
more powerful, more virile and stronger! The PROVEN
with actual scientific research "Dynamic Tension" has done for others
will do for you! Ask your CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 1000, Dept. 1000,
Box 2200, 22nd St., New York 10, N. Y.

FREE

Mail the coupon below
right now for my
new book "Dynamic
Tension—Health
and Strength." Tell all
about it—includes com-
plete program, pictures,
charts, exercises, etc.

ATLAS Dept. 1000,
Box 2200, 22nd St.,
New York 10, N. Y.

MAIL
COUPON
NOW—FOR
FREE BOOK



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 1000,
Box 2200, 22nd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I send the proof that your system of "Dynamic
Tension" will soon make a New Man of you—give
me a franked, money-order and let's mutually develop-
ourselves. Send me your free book, "Dynamic Tension
and Strength."

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone No. _____
Age _____ 10 years _____ Grade _____
 Check here if under 18 for booklet J.

DETECTIVE
MAN
ASTROLOGY
POPULAR
DOCTORS
Dinner